Season Tickets to May Musical Festival Will Be Cheaper.

The Programme, However, Will Be the Finest Ever Given Here-Full List of Soloists.

Association, at their last meeting, made some important arrangements for the com-(which includes three-fourths of the entire seating capacity), it being believed that this financial conditions and by the probability of an increased patronage as a result. In season tickets for the main body of the hall have been \$8 and \$6, respectively. For the coming festival the prices for the season for the front part of the lower floor will be tion to this it has been decided to reserve of five concerts. Seats in this gallery are much more desirable than is supposed by those who have not occupied them. The will be as in former years, \$10 for the first vance sale of tickets to guarantors only will be May 1 and 2 and for the general public May 3 and 4. The sale of seats for single performances, open to all, will begin The expenses of the Festival this year

will be very large on account of the unusual number of soloists engaged. The list, as now practically completed, is as fol-Sopranos-Mme, Emma Eames, Mlle, An toinette Trebelli, Miss Emma Juch. Contraltos-Mme. Clara Poole King, Miss Gertrude May Stein. Tenors-Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. E. C. Town

Saritones and Bassos-Mr. Watkin Mills Mr. Max Heinrich, Mr. D. M. Babcock. Violin Soloists-M. Henri Marteau, Mr. Felix Winternitz.

Planist-Mr. Arthur Friedheim. Violoncellist-Mr. Fritz Giese. Harplst-Mr. Van Vechten Rogers, SOME OF THE SOLOISTS.

Of these artists, Mme. Eames, Mile. Trebelli, Mr. Davies and Mr. Mills are to be the principal soloists of the great Music Festival Cincinnati is to give, the week following that of Indianapolis. Mr. Davies, who made his first appearance in America this year at the annual entertainment of the Gounod Society, at New Haven, Conn. last week, made a great success. The Register, of that city, says that he met with a generous ovation, and adds: Mr. Davies's method is correct and pleasing. Possessing a sturdy physique, he was ible to bring the chest quality firmly to his Very nighest notes, without tremolo or vari ation from key, and this same contro enabled him to tone his very powerful voice to the faintest planissimo. His tech nique showed the best of ability to sin purest tones without sacrificing the word or clouding the vowel sound. His articulation was so distinct that there was no necessity of the libretto's aid in hearing the words, and besides this his voice was flexthle to the highest excess of agility. "Of his interpretation there cannot be said anything too strong in praise. Mr. Davie s an artist with a soul in his voice. His soles called for variety of interpretation to which he was fully equal. Clearly, he is a great artist, the greatest tenor, perhaps,

Mr. Watkin Mills, who has never sung in this country, is already engaged for the musical events in the East, be cause of his great reputation. The last issue of the Musical Courier has this about him from its London correspondent: "Another prominent artist, who is going

to America in April, is Mr. Watkin Mills. the leading English basso. Mr. Mills has a basso-cantante, a sing bass voice of wide range, frequently taking the lighter bariione as well as the heaviest basso roles. He is a Gloucester man by birth and always sang, but when a young man took up a commercial calling that brought him a good evenue, which he was persuaded to reinquish for the more fascinating career of a great singer. Mr. Mills's record as an oratorio singer is unique. He has sung over ifty times at the Royal Albert Hall during the past nine years, or since he made his debut there in the 'Messiah,' in which work he has sung at the above hall twentyfour times. A similar record has been made at the great festivals, and Americans may look forward to hearing a man possessing a wonderful voice, used with that intelli gence which comes from the ability to appropriate the lessons of wide experience.'

EMMA EAMES'S TRIUMPH. Newspaper readers are familiar with the recent triumphs of Emma Eames in grand opera in New York, and more recently at Chicago. The local directors feel particularly pleased at her engagement, for she is the greatest artist who will appear in festival work this season, and her services are in such great demand that she easily commands \$1,200 a night. Mile. Trebelli "Faust," in the Royal Albert Music Hall. in London, appearing as Margherita, with Souliey and Levyd both in the cast. The engagement of Henri Marteau is another notable one, for this young French violinist has made a sensation wherever he has played. Last week he appeared in Chi-

five weeks' season of grand opera were given at the Auditorium last week. An adwhich was the violin performance exquisite quality of tone there are few on Give him five more years of experience and growth and with his present superb of the compositions that he plays." The festival book is now in the hands of the printer and will be out in about two etches and full-page pictures of all the

### uted gratuitously. KILAUEA'S MIGHTY THROES.

and descriptions of the leading works to

be presented. It will be printed on heavy

luminated cover. The book will be distrib-

book paper, and will have a beautifully il-

The Present Eruption of the Hawai-

of the floor of the great caldera was plunged or seven hundred feet deep and perhaps a half mile across. The fires disappeared and all was stlent. The flery goddess apshe had departed for all time. But in a few with further down plunges of the debris and that she would soon resume her imperial sway. Then a red eye glared up from the unseen depths, where muttering thunders | judges. After two or three interruptions threatened a coming storm. It came. With of that kind the Judge, turning to the a start Pele awoke and hurled her defiance | bailiff, ordered him to take Counselor Robout into the world again. From a little pool | erts to jail for contempt of court. At the at the bottom of the pit the burning lava | jail Roberts asked the privilege of writing

ross and nearly round, and represented immense cone cut off thirty feet above the base. The enormous pressure of the liquid mass within constantly opened the walls, while continual overflows built them up. Occasionally a section would burst open and a broad and splendid stream of burning lava poured into the surrounding pit. Sometimes a dozen, often twenty, fine fountains played over the surface, tossing columns of fire many feet into the air, and then the wind caught the glassy liquid, and, spinning it into beautiful filaments, long tresses of Pele's hair floated away. At night the scene was one of rare beauty, if anything so imposing and awful can be beautiful. The clouds of steam, smoke and occasional fogs from the cold mountains which rolled into the crater would be lighted with vivid brilliancy. At times, when very clear, snow-capped Mauna Loa, thirty miles away, or the soft banks of clouds over its summit, blushed rosy red. From far at sea and on distant parts of the island the light of Kilauea glowed a steady beacon in the clouds. In the past six months the mighty forces at command have been summoned by the goddess of Hawaiian volcanoes. She has illed the pit till it has overflowed. There is no longer a pit; it has grown into a towering hill of fire. Lava is spouted far above the banks; constant overflows render the vicinity one of hazardous excitement if not of danger.

THE MARION COUNTY BAR IN 1857.

Martin M. Ray.

Martin M. Ray came to Indianapolis from Shelbyville during the early years of the war. He was a Democrat, but took some pride in calling himself a war Democrat, and he gave his voice and vote in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. During the reconstruction period he fell in line with his party again and was a delegate to the Democratic convention which met in Baltimore in 1872, and which adopted Greeley, who had been nominated by the Liberal Republicans at Cincinnati, as its candidate. I believe it was at Baltimore while attending the convention that he was seized by a fatal illness of which he died during the summer of that year. Mr. Ray was a man of singular appearance. He was tall, something over six feet, with a short, thick neck, head large, shoulders broad, his body stout but not corpulent, tapering wedge like to his feet. His face was large, cheek bones high like an Indian's, a pair of small eyes brimful of mischief and humor, but capable on provocation of flashing with anger and indignation. His great charm and sometimes his weakness was his unfailing flow of humor. Adversaries who understood this peculiarity were in the habit of tapping his vein of fun when trying a case in order to divert him from the serious points in his case. His fun was not of the boisterous, rollicking sort; it provoked smiles rather than laughter and played about its victim with a lambent flame like flashes of heat lightning on summer night. I never saw him in a rage but once. He was trying the case of Darnell against the Adams Express Company, in which he had brought sult to recover the value of \$21,000 of United States bonds belonging to Darnell, who had sent them from Indianapolis to Waldron, in Shelby county. The express agent at Waldron had no safe and put the bonds in the safe of a merchant for keeping over night. The safe was blown open and the bonds were stolen. The defense was that Darnell was not at Waldron to receive the bonds when they arrived; that he knew the express company had no safe there, and that, having placed the bonds in the securest place that could be found, it was not liable for their loss. The case was tried before a jury in the Common Pleas Court. Thomas A. Hendricks, Col. Abram W. Hendricks and Oscar B. Hord defended the express company. During the early stages of the trial Mr. Ray appeared to be somewhat dull and indifferent, while the lawyers for the defense were aggressive and seemed for a time to have their own way with the court in most of the rulings as to the admissibility of testimony. Feeling sure of a verdict, Ray did not press his objections with much vigor, not caring to run the risk of a reversal in the Supreme Court upon erroneous rulings in his favor. The court, working on the line of least resistance, was allowing Governor Hendricks. who was leading in the case, to have his own way, until Ray, rising suddenly, told the court and opposition counsel, in angry tones, that the limits of forbearance had been reached. He said he did not propose to sit still any longer and see his client's rights trampled upon because counsel were persistent and the court compliant. The judge and lawyers were amazed at this sudden outburst, but the justice of Ray's omplaint was so apparent that the court did not even reprimand him. From that time on until the jury gave him a verdict Ray's conduct of the case was aggressive and defiant. This case was reversed in the Supreme Court for an erroneous instruction given in the court below, and what became

of it afterwards I do not know. In Shelbyville once, in trying a case, when he and Hendricks were beginners, he became so enraged at something Hendricks had said that he seized a chair and was in the act of striking Hendricks, when Ray's colleague interposed and arrested the blow. These were exceptional cases. His customto fun rather than to anger.

Woe betide a witness who exposed himself to the shafts of his ridicule. In a case tried here, proof of a contested will was made by a subscribing witness who lived in Texas. His deposition was taken there before a county judge of that State who was a great ass. Instead of allowing the witness, who was an ignorant man, to tell his story in a plain way, the judge stuffed the deposition with high-sounding legal terms which made it absolutely ridiculous. If the evidence of this witness could be demolished Ray's case was won. The wit ness's name was Cornelius Terhune, and deposition for half an hour, during which court, jury and even opposite counsel were convulsed with laughter. After that it was impossible to allude to Terhune or his deposition without provoking a smile from the , and his testimony, though honestly given, did not weigh a feather in the case. Mr. Ray was associated with Jonathan W Gordon and John R. Coffroth in defense of Bowles, Milligan and Horsey in the celebrated treason trials before the military commission in 1864, and it is high praise to say that his printed speech on the question of the jurisdiction of the court does not suffer in comparison with the masterly ar-

He was an entertaining and persuasive

guments of his colleagues.

stump speaker, and his joint canvass with Governor Porter, who defeated him for Congress in 1858, gave him an opportunity to display his varied powers of argument, invective and humor. The debates were good temper on the part of both candidates. the dissensions between Douglas and Buchanan had so divided the Democrats that Governor Porter was elected by a handsome majority. After his removal to Indianapolis Ray took issue with his party and gave his support to Lincoln's admin'stration. He gave his reasons for his course in a well-prepared and elaborate speech which he read in the Governor's Circle one windy night. He had fairly begun his speech when a gust of wind sent about onehalf of his manuscript flying through the crowd. Looking at the scattered pages and then glancing at what remained, he said: "I think I have quite enough left here to entertain you for an hour or two," and proceeded as if nothing had occurred. He was always a principal figure in the group of lawyers who formed a circle and told funny stories while awaiting the termination of some case on trial. Judges Finch silence in the court room, I always imagreed that Judge Finch would have been gial to have joined the coterie of funwas a strict disciplinarian, and insisted upon silence during the session of the court. He directed James Hamilton, his bailiff, to keep order. One day the fun was uproarious, and the Judge said: "Mr. Clerk, neglecting his duty." Mr. Hamilton had no trouble in overcoming his diffidence after Counselor Joseph Roberts, who had been day while Judge Hines was delivering an opinion in an important case. When in that condition Roberts was inclined to be garrulous. At the end of each sentence of the Judge's opinion Roberts would say, "Gentlemen, he sees the point-a second depths; then, silently, a mouth opened, and Wick, by -. "This was the greatest a sudden gush of boiling lava surged into compliment he could bestow, for in his the upper world, only to fall back into the estimation Wick had been the paragon of

His Curious Vermont Home Built on the Bungalow Style.

Regarded as a Nice Fellow in Brattle boro, Plays Billiards at the Hotel and His Byword Is "Begad."

There is a young man of slight figure and eccentric dress who for more than a year has continued to excite a good deal of interest on the streets of the town of Brattleboro, in the county of Windham, in the State of Vermont. The name of this young man is well known to fame as Rudyard Kipling, a writer of queer tales in prose and verse. Mr. Kipling is an interesting young man in another capacity than that of author. He has made himself an object of curiosity among his neighbors by the original character of his appearance and by his rigid discrimination in the choice of acquaintances. A young man who writes clever books has as much right as anybody else to indulge eccentric fancies in dress and preferences and prejudices in the

choice of acquaintance, and the wise men of Brattleboro, after their first shock of surprise and indignation, evidently have concluded that the best way to get along with such persons is to leave them alone. Now, young men seldom yearn for "a lodge in some vast wilderness," and Mr. Kipling has recently shown a disposition to be friendlier with the common people of

Mr Kipling lives in a little place called Dummerston, closely contiguous to the Brattleboro line. He lived in Brattleboro when he first came to Vermont and until he completed his new house, which, like its designer, in its effort to avoid attention, attracts the general interest of all residents and visitors thereabouts. This house is fashioned after the plan of

an Indian bungalow, in which one long corridor from end to end of the building divides all the apartments, as in a hotel. It is painted in a color that is intended to harmonize with the background of trees, precautions are taken lest anybody should see the house, which occurrence doubtless would deprive the chief occupant of some more or less abundant, of his peace of mind. It is a long, curious-looking structure, without any entrance on the side that faces the roadway and but one door in the house, that on the hillside, so that anybody invading Mr. Kipling's privacy would have to attempt the invasion by this inconvenient entrance. He has a fine-looking barn and a big windmill. He sank an artesian well on his place to the depth of 343 feet at a cost of about \$2,000. His property slopes down from the hillside to the roadway, and at the base of the hill, al though there are no fences or obstructions, are scattered signs reading: "Trespassing on these premises is forbidden."

THE KIPLING BABY. Rudyard Kipling enjoys life. He takes great deal of pride and pleasure in his little baby, which the coachman and maid take out for a ride nearly every day. Sometimes he is seen about the place with his wife, who carries the baby, and once he and his family and the family of his brother-in-law, Beatty Ballestier, took

an oxen ride around the farm. Rudyard Kipling enjoys his home. His house is very luxuriously furnished, and his den, which is in the southeast corner on the first floor, is very comfortably appoint-He has plenty of books there and soft rugs and pleasing objects of art, and he likes to sit there and write.

Rudyard Kipling enjoys his pipe. He thinks so much of it that nobody ever has seen him on the streets of Brattleboro without it. It is short and black and is made of French briarwood. It is always the same old pipe, and it sticks from between his lips wherever he appears. Rudyard Kipling enjoys the freedom of old shabby clothes. He carries his enjoyment in this respect so far that strangers in Brattleboro who haven't heard about Kipling, and who see him for the first time on Main street, are inclined to think that a cowboy has come to town. He wears a rusty sombrero, whenever the weather permits him to go without a thick cap, and his trousers legs are tucked into rough boots of the cowhide kind. His great coat is always of the shabbiest appearance. The whole makeup contrasts very strangely with the alert spectacled eyes and the general look of quick observation which this queer little figure bears.

But Rudyard Kipling is not like a man who doesn't know what it is to wear good clothes, for every evening when he sits down to dinner with his wife and baby the long, rambling house on the steep hill that rises above the rolling waters of the Connecticut river he is always appareled in the conventional dress suit of polite society. He never neglects this custom, and for an hour before dinner every even-ing Mr. Kipling is in his room attending to what must be in his case a very elaborate

A BRATTLEBORO DANCE.

Although Mr. Kipling goes to Brattleboro

every day and stops in the postoffice to get his mail, which is frequently so large that he could not carry it alone to his house, and although Mr. Kipling holds gracious converse with the shopkeepers and often chats with the proprietor of the hotel and sits in the office there for half an hour at a time reading the papers, yet only once has he appeared at any public occasion of merrymaking. This was not many weeks ago when he came down to the hotel in evening dress and danced half the night at a hop. He was very vivacious and friendly then, and didn't seem a bit reserved or disdainful. At his house at Dummerston Mr. Kipling has furnished a room to be used for a billiard and pool apartment. Sometimes he drops into the hotel at Brattleboro and plays a game of billiards, but even his most ardent admirers say of him consolingly that "he hasn't practiced much yet, but he may make a good player some day. Mr. Kipling never carries any money with him when he is in Brattleboro. His wife attends to everything in the financial line, and it is said that even his own income which has been estimated at over \$20,000 a year, he places in her control. One day when he had no tobacco he asked his coachman to buy him a plug and said to him, "You can collect of Mrs. Kipling." The advice which was given to Little Bo Peep seems to have been adopted by the Brattleboro folk with profit in their relations with Kipling. When they sought him he was not to be found, but when they left him alone he came to them. When his barn was finished early in the winter he ordered ready a four-horse sleigh and invited as many as it would carry up in feasting and dancing. Just after Christmas he got his four-horse sleigh ready again and took to his house the whole big choir of the Episcopal Church, which he and his wife's family attended. The boys had a very delightful time, and Mr. Kipling played several games with them, and all the boys thought it impossible for a man who was so famous ever to have been young enough to learn such things. KIPLING'S FRIENDS.

Withal that Rudyard Kipling is eccentric in his behavior toward strangers, he is by the large Ballestier family, of which he is outside of this family are the Gliddens, Ballestiers. Mrs. Glidden, the mother of the Mr. Glidden of Brattleboro, is an aunt of Governor William McKinley, of Ohio, and is, therefore, related to ex-Police Commissioner William M. Osborne. Mrs. Glidden, who assumed this title when she married the son of the cousin of Governor Mc-Kinley, is the daughter of Judge Shay, of New York. The Shays have lived in Brattleboro a long time, and the daughter that became Mrs. Glidden is a cousin to Beatty Ballestier, the brother of Mrs. Kipling. The Gliddens live out on the Putney road, and entertain handsomely, and Mr. Kipling and they are great friends. Ex-Police Commissioner Osborne and Governor McKinley have been at these gatherings, and Mr. Kipling knows what great men we have in The Hooker family, of whom Col. George W. Hooker is the head, are friends of the

Kiplings. Colonel Hooker is the principal man in Brattleboro. He has held about every office of honor there is in the town, and has occupied for any number of years the office there that corresponds to Mayor here in Boston. Colonel Hooker's wife is the sister of the late Col. James Fisk, jr. Hon. Dorman B. Eaton also lives in Brat- | that night. tleboro, but it is not known that he has ever met Rudyard Kipling, since he spends his winters in New York. The Bradlees and | and dirty as the one he started with. the Higginsons, of Boston, have summer | After the march had been resumed his deresidences there, but they also have not sire for experimenting came to the front yet tasted of the delight and glory of Mr. again. Jones, it will be remembered, is

the plumbers and the domestics, say that he is the kindest and most generous of employers. They also add that he pledges them to secrecy about his own daily life and the incidents of his household affairs. He is not interested in public affairs, and has not indicated any intention to become a citizen or to get interested in any of the matters of the local government.

HE CAN TALK CHINESE. One day he stopped a Chinaman at the depot in Brattleboro, and talked with him in Chinese for half an hour, to the amazement and admiration of Chinamen and bystanders generally. He is going to England next spring for a visit. He never shaves himself, but lets the barber in a Brattleboro hotel attend to that duty for him. He sometimes stops in the street when no one is around and makes notes on a bit of loose paper that he rests against the wall of a building.

He says "begad" and "damn" very often in his conversation, and one day he asked his parson, much to the mingled amusement and surprise of that worthy man, whether he knew what had become of "that driveling idiot who cracks his joints," re ferring to some strange character that he

had picked up about town. Early in the winter he joined a party of farmers who were breaking out the snow-covered roads, and he handled a plow half day with a good deal of skill, and boasted good-naturedly of it afterward

Rudyard Kipling married Miss Caroline Ballestier, the daughter of Wolcott Ballestier, the son of Joseph Navarro Ballestier. She had a brother named Wolcott Ballesjr., who had great literary capacity through whom, by reason of his literary associations, she became acquainted with Rudyard Kipling. Joseph Navarro Ballestier, the head of the family, was a very successful real-estate lawyer in New associations, she became acquainted York, and a man of many graces and accomplishments and charms. He was so great a connoisseur in wines that Park & Tilford, of New York, used to send him rare brands and vintages to sample, that they might have his judgment on their goods. He bought very extensively property in and around Brattlebore, and to-day the Ballestier estate there includes many hundreds of acres. His wife is still living, but spends only her summers in Vermont. She is in New York or abroad during the winters.

Joseph N. Ballestier had four sons, Robert. John, Joseph N., jr., and Wolcott. Robert is a man of leisure, John is a very successful lawyer in New York, Joseph N. jr., leads a quiet, leisurely life, and Wolcott is dead. John has a son, Elliott, who comes to Brattleboro in the summer, and who is engaged to marry Miss Carpenter, of that town. Wolcott Ballestier has four children, two boys and two girls. The boys were Wolcott, jr., and Beatty. Wolcott, jr., is dead, and Beatty lives with his wife, a former Brattleboro belle, on the property immediately adjoining Mr. Kipling's home. Miss Josephine and Miss Caroline were the two girls. Miss Caroline was married to Rudyard Kipling, and Miss Josephine, an exceedingly beautiful young lady, is unmarried. The Ballestiers are said to be of French and Spanish extraction. If you would know any more about Rudyard Kipling and his relations spend a day or two in the beautiful town of Brattleboro, in the shadow of the great Wastaniquet mountain, and the loving chroniclers of his charms will feed full your appetite for Boswellian news.

JONES WITH THE HOBOS.

Jones has added still another chapter to his book of experiences. For a number of years Jones had read everything pertaining to sociology that came within his reach. But dry books and essays of theorists did not give him all the information he sought. Such a restless experiencer as Jones could not be content with second-hand knowledge, so he determined to personally investigate a particular line of social science that had long been a source of interest to him. The hobo, commonly called the tramp, appeared to Jones to offer an excellent field for investigation, and, incidentally, for experiment. There are at present two kinds of tramps. One is the product of Democracy's war on the industries of the land; he is tramping about the country in search of work. The other is the hobo; he never works, except when breaking stone under duress. The first, Jones believes, should be considered by political economists as the worthy unemployed is generally the victim of those theorists whom the Democrats term masters of political science. The hobo Jones considers a fit subject for sociological

As stated heretofore, when an idea strikes Jones he does not let it grow old; he utilizes it while it is young and vigorous. So it was in this case. When Jones raturned from Jagland he discovered that his experience there had made him nervous, and he determined on a rest and change of scene as the proper cure for his condition. While in this frame of mind he picked up a newspaper, and the first article that caught his eye was an account of Coxey's preparations for the march of his army of tramps to Washington. Just the thing, thought Jones. Here was an opportunity to study the hobo in a gregal state, and at the same time give Jones that divertisement of which he stood in need. It was Saturday morning a week ago when the idea struck Jones. That afternoon he was on his way to the starting

Jones arrived at Massillon on Sunday in time to enroll himself in the commonweal and take the road for Canton, the first camping place on the long route to the national capital. He had donned his oldest clothes, had refrained from shaving his face and otherwise attempted to fit himself to his surroundings. He had even rent his coat, put on an old, battered hat, and shoes that were not mates, in his efforts to disguise the gentleman. At his own request Jones had been assigned to a commune of tatterdemalions that promised fruit for study. Jones is a good listener, and before long he picked up enough hobo lingo to join in the talk without betraying himself. The second day out Vamper Jake, who had started in life as a cobbler, took a fancy to Jones, and related many incldents showing the peculiarities of the other members of the commune, all of whom he seemed to know. Hot and Hasty Hopkins was a dangerous man, the Vamper said, to engage in argument. Windy Olliver had been known to talk a dozen other hobos into sleep or flight. Bill Neverwork boasted that his brow had not sweat with labor since he left his father's domicile. Charley Strawstack and Hayloft Muggins knew the best sleeping places in a dozen States. Hen Roost Raider, a black hobo, could always find a fat pullet when one was wanted. Hungry Higgins was never satisfied, and Weary Raggles could rest longer than any other tramp in the commune. Boxcar Beat and Brakebeam Cheat always rode between stations; this was their first walking experience. Rush De Growler carried a tomato can that had seen service for a score of years and had held drainings of innumerable beer kegs. Panhandle Pete was a tramp printer, whose occupation of begging small sums of money from felloweraftsmen had been ruined by the introduction of type-setting machines. Banner Carrier was also a typo who could sympathize with the "panhandler." Wandering Vagabond and Strolling Vagrant were characters that had seen service on scores of stone As the Vamper concluded his sketch of the personnel of the commune, a village

was sighted. Here was an opportunity for Jones to try an experiment. Taking a silver dollar out of his pocket he slyly dropped it, pressed it half way into the mud with his foot and awaited developments. A hope in the rear saw it and ejaculated an expression of surprise that attracted the attention of the whole commune. With one voice the tramps cried "beer," and beer it was, for the village contained a saloon and, posted at the door, was the sign "Free hot lunch." The hobos broke ranks and rushed to the place, where they were soon reveling in tramps' delight. Windy Olliver found that the proprietor was a Populist. and he dilated to such good purpose on the wrongs suffered by the people at the hands of the gold bugs that the saloon keeper's heart warmed to the oppressed. He tapped a fresh keg of beer and told the hobos to help themselves. Jones, in the meantime. had marched on with the remainder of the army, and was making new acquaintances. When camp was made that night he was the only one of the commune of tatterdemalions to answer roll call. The others had deserted, as noted in the press dispatches

The next day Jones was assigned to another commune of hobos, almost as ragged filled up and spread widely over the plt, till in a year there was a little lake of fire. Then it pushed up higher, and in two years, in the summer of lives, and the Judge relented and ordered his release on condition that here are some interstent two years, and the Judge relented and ordered his release on condition that here are some interstent two years, and the Judge relented and ordered his release on condition that here are some intersecting the first from the court room and spread widely over the plt, an apologetic note to the Judge, asking his forgiveness, and the Judge relented and of three darks of the country are few. One is that of a thick woolen cloth of

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First - class Clothes Wringer, white rubber rolls, only \$1.49. Domestic Carpet Sweeper \$1.98. Willow Clothes Basket, extra

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Feather Dusters 3c. Feather Dusters, large size, 9c. Stove Brushes 9c. 9-O'clock Washing Tea 5c. Electro Silicon Sc. Queen Silver Polish 8c.

Good Whitewash Brush 7c. Galvanized Iron Water Bucket Wash Boards 6c.

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Porcelain Head Picture Hooks Furniture Polish 25c bottle. 2 doz. Brass Head Tacks 1c.

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There is also a full stock of Draperies, Silk, Chenille and Lace Curtains and Wall Paper.

Among the numerous bargains is a Lace Curtain, 31-2 yards long, pole and fixtures complete, for

3 1-2 yard Lace Curtain, Brussels effect, for \$1.49; usual price \$2.50. Beautiful Chenille Curtain, 6 different colors and designs of border,

pole and fixtures complete, for \$5. A New Cloth called Cameo, elegant for window and mantel draperies or for sofa pillows, at 15c a

WALL PAPER Third Floor.

3,000 Rolls of elegant Parlor Wall Paper in all the latest colorings and designs at 15c, 20c and 25c. 2.000 Rolls Gilt Wall Paper, handsome colors, 9-inch border to match, at 8c.

3,000 Rolls more of those fine Wall Papers / at 7c, with 18-inch border.

Have you visited the Grand Display of

## CREPE and TISSUE PAPER

Each day has added to the interest and many are the exclamations of delight at the variety and beauty of its products.

The Crepe Paper can be used to make elaborate effects in window decorations, mantel draperies, dressing, tables, artistic table covers for 5-o'clock tea, head rests for chairs and the many styles of lamp

And still it is a paper display, though you might take it for a florist's; chrysanthemums, poppies, flags, daisies, buttercups and vio-

The Crepe Paper is sold in rolls 10 feet long, 20 inches wide, at 30c

a roll; also in packages of 1.2 yard each at 5c. As this will be the last week of this exhibit you will do yourself a favor to visit the Art Room on the

## MILLINERY Sec ad Floor.

More than a week since the Spring Millinery Reception, but a stranger looking in would think each day first view day; everything fresh and artistic to suit the wonderful variations of taste, together with the magic touch that keeps qualities high and prices low.

third floor.

This week we put on sale the most attractive styles we have yet shown and at prices that will

The leading favorite, "The Melba," comes in Tan, Blue and Black Cloth, price \$5.

Also at the same price ten good styles in plain and trimmed Jackets.

\$6 to \$8 will purchase any of the novelties of the season in plain and fancy cloth.

Everything for girls' wear is just as stylish as the sorts for ladies, and the prices never more tempting, \$1 each and upwards.

We have a Red Jacket for little Misses at \$1 that is all the "Rage."

## LADIES' COSTUMES

Handsome Costumes were never so easy to get. Dresses of a grade that a few seasons ago could only have been got by long waiting and extravagant paying are to-day within the reach of almost any one.

The prices from \$6 to \$20.

# Center Fargain Count r.

## 39 Cents a yard

We will show on Monday morning an assorted lot of new and desirable Silks, consisting of colored Taffetas, Crepe de Chene, Kaikis, Printed Indias.

39c a Yd.

West Bargain Table.

35 Cents a yard

All-Wool Tricots, 38 inches wide, in light Tan, Golden Brown, Reds, Navy and Black.

35c a Yd.

49 Cents a yard

All-Wool Illuminated Beiges, 40 inches wide, very popular and

49c a Yd.

Dress Goods Counter Wet 40-inch Fancy Crepon at 75c;

one of the leading fabrics of the 40-inch All-Wool Lattice Cloth in the new shades of Green, Golden

Brown and Steel Blue, at \$1. 43-inch Silk and Wool Granite Cloths in two-toned effects at \$1.25. You will be surprised that they are

A small lot of last year's fine imported Dress Lengths. As far as style and fashion is concerned they are almost as good as this year's, but when you question the

price see the difference. One lot that were

\$8.75 and \$10 now \$4.98

One lot that were \$12 to \$17.50 now \$6.98

# PETTIS DRY GOODS COMPANY

sult was that the army lacked a commune bos were scattered along the roadside, to all apearances, dead drunk. Jones alone knew the cause of the desertion. Jones had one more experiment to make It was a simple one, but he felt doubtful of its outcome, and he had reason to. A man of less temerity would have hesitated long, or not attempted it at all. When camp had been pitched that evening and

the army was preparing supper, Jones slipped away and purchased several dozen cakes of soap. These he distributed among the hobos. There was a brook near the camp that afforded plenty of water for laving purposes. Jones set what he thought would be an example by going to the brook and thoroughly cleansing his face and hands. But the hobos did not follow. They were swelling with an indignation first found vent in mutterings and then in loud threats. Who was this dude that dared to insult them by the suggestion of a bath. With one accord the tramps arose, gazed at Jones in the act of washing and made a united rush toward the brook. Jones suspected something was wrong, and the wicked gleam in the eyes of the quickly-advancing mob confirmed his suspicion. He jumped the brook and ran in the direction of the nearest railway station. He

A SURGEON'S LIFE IN CABUL. Personality and Habits of the Ameer of Afglianistan.

arrived home the next day. Coxey had lost

an "unknown," but Jones had secured

more knowledge of the hobo than all the

theorists in the world had been able to

At the meeting of the Indian Section of the Society of Arts Mr. John A. Gray put his life with Ameer into a narrative of engrossing interest, beginning with his journey thither. Four-fifths of the country, he says, are rocks and mountains. The mountains vary from 15,000 to 16,000 feet, except in the Hindu Koosh range, where some peaks are over 20,000 feet. The the country is exceedingly fertile, with delightful valleys, where there are gardens, orchards of fruit trees and great stretches of vines. There are fields of corn, barley, rice and maize, and patches of brilliantly green clover. The peasants are exceedingly clever in the art of irri-

coat for five years, have it turned, wear it five more, then give it to your servant." Mr. Gray describes the Ameer's work shop as extensive for a small prince. It contains a small steam hammer, a stationary engine, lathes, cartridge plant and a minting machine. Trained Hindustance workmen are brought from India to work the machines under the direction of Mr. Pyne and his European assistants. The townspeople are not pure Afghans, but a mixed race of Afghan, Persian and Hindustance. They are excellent copyists, but are not satisfactory in the results of their attempts to evolve an original design. Mr. Gray was a month in Cabul attending the two hospitals and seeing a great number of patients. They flock to a European doctor. When he arrived the Ameer was in Turkestan, and sent for Mr. Gray to join

nified and courteous, on occasion he can be exceedingly flerce, and no chief dare speak or sit in the Ameer's presence without permission. The surgeon's work was heavy, remittant fever decimating the troops. He had to treat the Ameer for a cold, and found him a well-informed and most entertaining man. A custom he has struck Mr. Gray at first as unusual. It is that he takes out his artificial teeth in open durbar, cleans them with a toothbrush and then replaces them. Mr. Gray, however, thinks this impresses the people that their king is one who can take himself to pieces. Mr. Gray vaccinated the young Prince, who is heir to the

The Ameer he found a man of presence, broad and stout. He is fair skinned, sun-

burned, with black hair and beard. He has

a good square head and piercing eyes. Dig-

The Decadence of Man

throne by right, prescribed for the Sultana

and painted portraits of the royalties. His

health giving way was the cause of his re-

But where are our men? Where is the chivalry, the truth and affection, the earnest purpose, the plain living, high thinking and noble self-sacrifice that make a man? We look in vain among the bulk of our writers even for the appreciation of these qualities. With the younger men all that is usually cultivated is that flippant smartness which is synonymous with cheapness. There is such a want of wit among them, too, such a lack of variety, such monotony

the heart or move us to happy mirth. Their ideas of beauty threaten always to be satisfied with the ballet dancer's legal pretty things enough in their way, but n worth mentioning as an aid to the mora intellectual and physical strength that mak a man. They are sadly deficient in imagination, too; that old fallacy to which they cling, that because an evil thing has always as much the result of want of imagination as of the man's trick of evading the responsibility of seeing right done in any matter that does not immediately affect his personal comfort. But there is one thing the young men are especially good at, and that is giving their opinion; this they do to each other's admiration until they verily believe it to be worth something. Yet they do not even know where we are in the history of the world.

### An Arboretum. Boston Transcript.

The Vanderbilt arboretum on George W. Vanderbilt's estate near Asheville will prove of much benefit to science if the plans adopted for it are carried out. M. C. D. Beadle, a graduate of Cornell University. has charge of it. The plants set out in the nursery are catalogued scientifically, and a diary of the doings of each plant is kept by the nurseryman. All kinds of tests in grafting one species on another, or hybridizing, are to be made and the result in each case carefully noted. The soil, even, is analyzed. In short, the economics of plant propagation and growth are being closely investigated by competent men. Collectors are abroad securing rare specimens. Frederick L. Olmstead, Mr. Vanderbilt's landscape gardener, says the arboretum furnishes him annually more than a million rare plants, which go to constitute a fringing for the roadways or drives he is constantly laying out on the estate. Three million forest trees are being grown to recover the shorn hillsides and other hald spots on the estate. Along the driveways there will be in the neighborhood of nine thousand dif-ferent kinds of trees and shrubs.

## Massachusetts Falls Behind.

New York Sun. We record with satisfaction the fact that a Nebraskan has brought sult for \$10,000 damages against a person who had accused him of wearing "pants." Will the day ever dawn when Massachusetts will rise to the heights of civilization that Nebraska stands on? It is a depressing fact that Boston is now almost the only part of the United States where trousers are unknown by